

DEAREST BROTHER WE MISS THEE

Written by

Carrie H.B.

AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO HER ABSENT BROTHERS.

Composed by

GEO. T. ROOT.

25 Cts. nett.

New York

Published by WILLIAM HALL & SON, 239 Broadway.

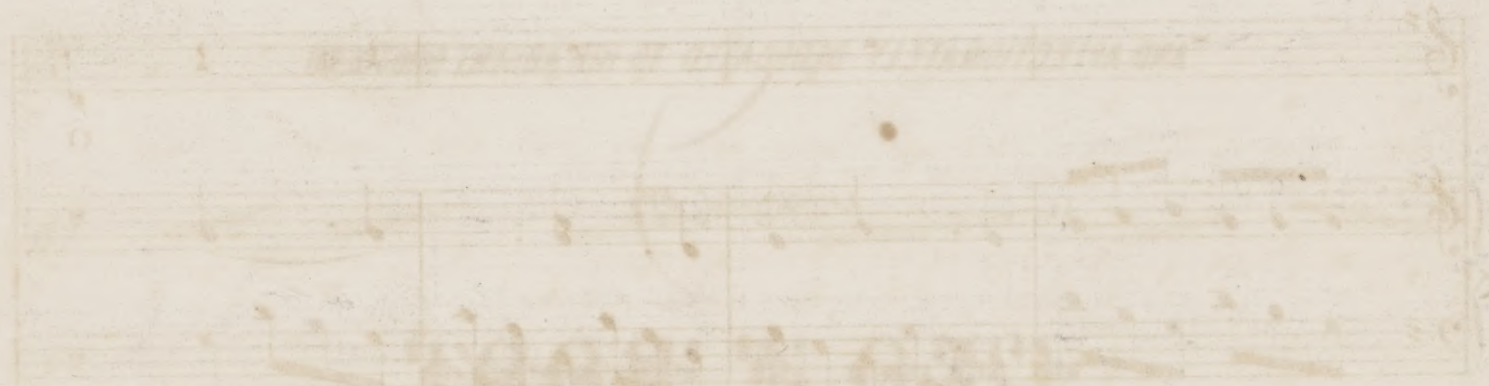
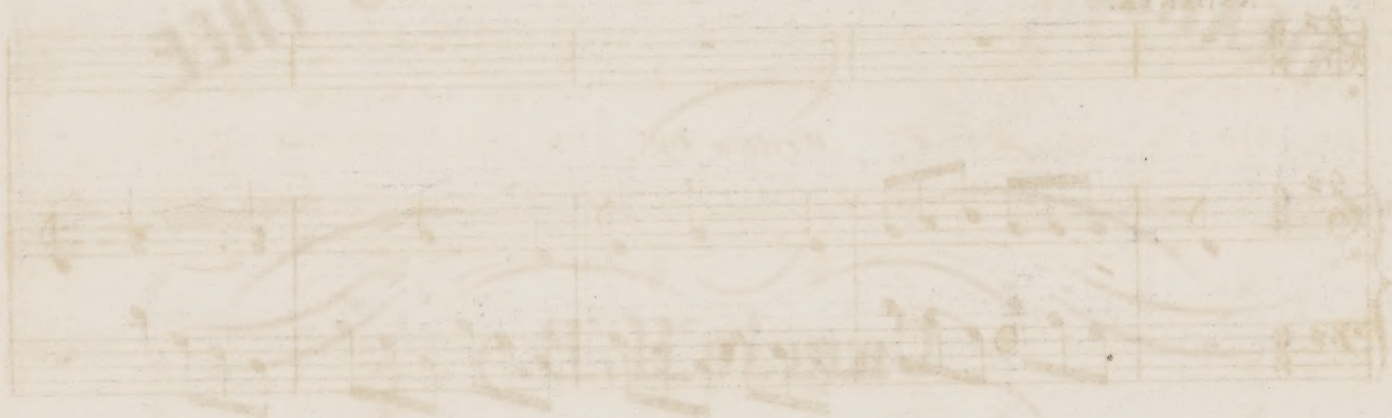
Entered according to Act of Congress, 1879, by Wm. Hall & Son, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

DEAREST BROTHER WE MISS THEE

Music by C. F. ROOT

Words by CARRIE H. B.

DEAREST BROTHER WE MISS THEE



DEAREST BROTHER WE MISS THEE.

Words by CARRIE H.B.

Music by C. F. ROOT.

ANDANTE.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE.' The score consists of three systems. The first system shows the piano accompaniment with a flowing eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system introduces the vocal melody in the treble clef, with the lyrics 'yes dear-est broth-er we miss thee, With joy would we wel - come thee' written below it. The piano accompaniment continues to support the vocal line.

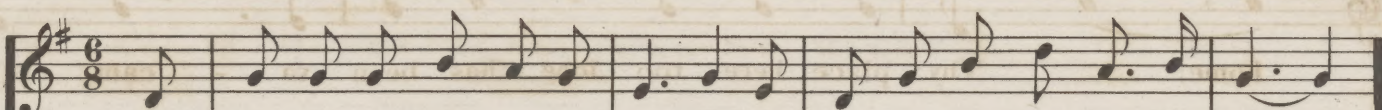
home;..... Thy place here too long has been va - cant O

say wilt thou nev - er re - turn!..... We miss thee at morn - ing and

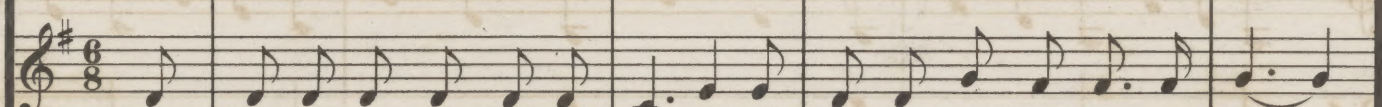
eve - ning, And then on the calm sab-bath day:..... We

list-en a - gain for thy com - ing, But no, thou art far, far a - way. Rit.....

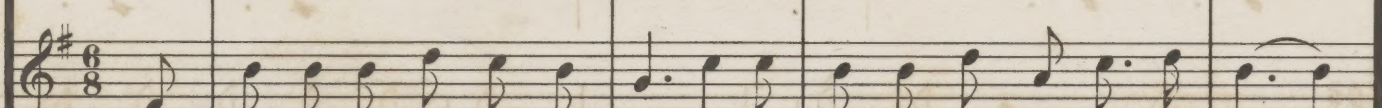
QUARTETTE.

Air. 

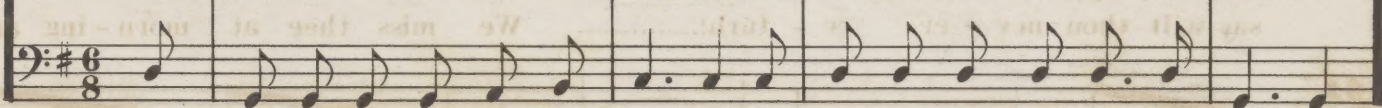
1. We list-en a - gain for thy coming, But no, thou art far, far a - way.

Second. 

2. Our hearts now in sad-ness are pi-ning, O come and our sor-row be- guile!

Tenor. 

3. When hearts free'd from sin and all sorrow, Thou't ev - er be with us at Home.

Bass. 

We miss thee when joining our voices
 In songs long familiar to sing,
 We think of the voice so far distant
 And wish thou wert with us again;
 Then come dearest brother and cheer us
 Once more with thine own happy smile,
 Our hearts now in sadness are pining,
 O come and our sorrow beguile!

But tho' dearest brother we never
 May meet thee in this world again,
 We hope to behold thee in Heaven,
 And oh, may that hope not be vain;
 Oh, then let us strive to be cheerful,
 And live that the day may soon come,
 When hearts free'd from sin and all sorrow,
 Thou't ever be with us at Home.

